ISSUE 28

WRESTLING THEN & NOW

MAY 1992

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THE FREAKS OF WRESTLING ARE FADING BEFORE THE HOMESPUN GLAMOR BOYS LIKE VERNE GAGNE- A CAPABLE GRAPPLER WITHOUT THE DIDDES!
Gagne grunts, groans, growls ...
OOH, HE SENDS ME.
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT THE 'ONLY ONE, MABEL
... but gives the folks a whirl for their dough!
MURRAY GOLDBERG
NEA SERVICE NEW YORK, NY DEC., 1953
TO VERNE. BEST REGARDS, MURRAY

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A GOOD COSTUME MAKES!
LEON "BABY BULL" WHITE, FORMER FOOTBALL PLAYER AND TOTAL WASHOUT WITH THE AWA...
SO HE WENT TO JAPAN...
PUT ON A COSTUME --
AND BECAME A SUPERSTAR!
AH, BUT WHAT A COSTUME!
BIG VAN VADER
WINNER OF POTSHOT'S "MOST WITH THE LEAST" AWARD, 1989!

WRESTLING:

THEN... **and** **NOW!!!**

THE LISTENING POST
BY: EVAN GINZBURG

When I was a kid, in those long lost days before I'd discovered wrestling, there was nothing I loved more than comics.

If you picked up just about any comic and waved it in my face for about half a second, I could probably tell you the artist. Kirby, Steranko, Wrightson, Ditko, Adams, and Eisner were my heroes. At 8 years old, I probably recognized them as geniuses before the public did.

Maybe it was because I literally couldn't draw a straight line that I was so in awe of their talents. Even as a kid I could pick up a pencil and write a cohesive sentence, but the ability to use that same instrument and creates such beauty, such **ART** (even at 12¢ a copy!) just astounded me.

I think wrestling's resident artists have gotten a real raw deal. With so many slick newstand magazines featuring wonderful photography (and generally **not** so wonderful writing), there seems little "need" for wrestling art. Well, I put out a xeroxed newsletter in which photos **don't** reproduce all that well. I compensate by presenting several great talents from around the world.

Las Vegas' "Potshot" Bill Kunkel is wrestling's best known artist. Former illustrator of Richie Rich and of various other comics and publications, this is a man who has earned a living with his god-given skill. You may have read in a recent issue of Sushi ($1.50 to PO Box 36189, San Jose, Ca. 95158) that he felt his contributions were under-appreciated in another sheet. Be assured they won't be here in WT&N...

Wayne St. Wayne, an Ex-Calgary wrestler, is currently working as a manager in a St. Louis indie and is also a performance artist (prone to "juicing" on stage while reading poetry!!!!). His surreal art has graced many a front and back cover of WT&N and he'll regularly appear in future issues as well. Wayne's portraits of old movie theatres and monsters of filmdom are totally original and you can contact him at 3655 Potomac St. Louis, Missouri 63116 about purchasing his works.

Australia's Jason Conlan has had his wrestling work showcased throughout the world and you can enjoy this original talent regularly in WT&N. I've liberally "borrowed" from his hilarious Headbutt ($1.50 to 452 Hamilton Road Chermside, QLD. 4032 Australia), and his work always adds humor and beauty to each issue he appears in.

Everyone knows the Meltzers and Kellers of fandom. It's time that somebody finally gave these men their due as well.

I'm proud to have you as part of WT&N...

OTHER NOTES

Howard Stern and Robin Quivers recently did 5 (radio) minutes on the WWF sex scandals...The following sizzling quote is from Arena Report ($1 to PO Box 952547, Lake Mary, FL. 32795-2547): "Pro Wrestling Torch reported in the March 5 issue that Jeff Gaylord attacked Eddie Gilbert in the locker room due to not being booked. "AR" has learned that the reason goes deeper than that. It was reported that AWF President Gordon Scozzari sent Gaylord down after Eddie due to Gilbert not showing up for the AWF's last tapings." Serious accusations and Gordon's invited to respond in WT&N. I don't usually do news, but Lano's got the **inside** scoop on the AWF winter tapings and we're sharing it with you this issue!...Enjoy the issue...

UPCOMING INTERVIEWS: "FLYING" BILLY ANDERSON
BABY DOLL
DALE PIERCE JOHN AREZZI
ED SHARKEY
BOB ORTON, SR.
JOHNNY VALENTINE WITH BUDDY ROGERS!

EVERY ISSUE A NEW INTERVIEW!!!

LETTERS TO WT&N

I'm really more interested in nostalgia than today's wrestling sce which I think sucks bigtime! I'm glad you not only cover the new "news", but also report on wrestling's super past.

The only group out there now that I really enjoy watching on tv is Jim Cornette's Smokey Mountain Wrestling, which we get from Chattanooga. It's a good, and funny show, and I'm glad we get it.

Well, I still enjoy (most of the time) the current live Memphis TV Show. It can be fun.

I'll send you an article soon on Kevin Sullivan's early 70's days.

I spoke to former veteran great Len Rossi (owns a health store near Nashville now) on the phone recently and received a letter from him also. He's a real nice guy. He's looking for any old video tapes of himself when he was wrestling.

Got sad news from veteran heel manager "Esquire" JC Dykes (lives here in Cleveland) recently. He told me about a month ago he took a bunch of wrestling tapes (reel to reel, 16 or 33 mm) 1960's stuff of himself and his Masked Infernos in various areas, and had them unloaded at the county landfill, and covered up!! Oh no!!! He also threw away original Inferno's outfits and trophies. I just wanted to cry! He said it was just taking up space. I would of loved to of seen it, or maybe even had it! Oh well, such is life!

DAVID WILLIAMSON
CLEVELAND, TENN.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: David Williamson's articles will be showcased in WT&N starting next month. Thought this letter would serve as a good intro.)

Many thanks for the nice interview in WT&N; I think it came out great, and you presented it extremely well, as I knew you would do. Hope your readers considered it of interest and found it enjoyable reading.

Enjoyed seeing Iron Mike Einhorn at the Cauliflower Alley Club Banquet. He certainly found it nostalgic. Nice fellow, Mike...but I've had him described to me by many as a "troubled loner"...why do they say this about him, would you suppose? Is it because he's so alone, or just because he's troubled? Can you get back to me on this?

By the way, I am going to mention the interview in our April "Main Event"...you thought I wouldn't? Anything that makes me sound as articulate as the interview HAS GOT to be mentioned! And I'll make you a NATIONAL HERO!

The things about WT&N I really enjoy reading are your column ("The Listening Post"), the interviews you conduct, the wrestling trivia, and the art gallery.

I had a little talk with your schoolboard the other day, and they've agreed to drop all charges and let you stay. But I wouldn't hit them up for any raises for the next ten or twelve years if I were you.

All my best (and you deserve it!)...

VERNE LANGDON
SLAMMERS WRESTLING
GYM- SUN VALLEY CA

TALES OF MAGIC VINCE
ALL RIGHT, I'LL ADMIT IT— I'VE GOT SOME PROBLEMS.
BUT I'LL JUST DO WHAT I DID LAST TIME
Potshot '92
I'LL STEAL A NEW HULK HOGAN AND TAKE ANOTHER "W" OUT OF THE "WWF"!
THE BOSS IS LOSING IT....
SAD.
WHAT DO YOU THINK DUSTY'S DOING?

1952

LOOKING BACK AT . . . . . CHICAGO WRESTLING IN 1952. . . . . Ronald Dobratz

The weekly ratings of the "Top Ten" challengers in World Championship Wrestling cannot help but provoke questions and controversy. If Chicago wrestling would have had a similar rating at the conclusion of 1952, there would have been few disagreements.

#10 - Johnny Balbo, the Lightheavyweight champion from suburban LaGrange was a popular veteran, who specialized in the "cannonball legdrop". In 1952, Balbo defeated Baron Arena, Mike Kilonis, Chris Zaharias, and Reggie Lisowski.

#9 - Ivan Rasputin used his bearhug to defeat Walter Palmer, Zack Malkov, Bob Hanke, Tarzan Ed White, and Johnny Balbo.

#8 - Carl Engstrom, an excellent athlete who graduated from DePaul, chalked up victories over Bill Goelz, Billy Hickson, Baron Arena, Whitey Whittler, and Bert Rubi.

#7 - The Mighty Atlas squeezed Billy Goelz, Art Bull, Baron Arena, Don Beitelman (Curtis), and "Catalina" George Drake to defeat with his "Atlas" fullnelson.

#6 - Ronnie Etchison called his "pet hold" a "Giant Swing". Ronnie would grab ahold of his opponent's legs, then spin around until the man's equilibrium was unbalanced, then drop him and make the pin. Tony Verdi, Reggie Lisowski, Tiny Mills, Al Williams, Ivan Rasputin, and the Mighty Atlas all lost bouts to the native of St.Joseph, Missouri.

#5 - Bob Orton was an agile, versatile, and merciless wrestler, who enjoyed pinning his foes after delivering a piledriver. At age 23, Orton beat Jim Dobie, Balk Estes, Pete Managoff, Jack Carter, Jim Graham, Jerry Woods, Joe Adelman, Larry Hamilton, and George Scott.

#4 - Bill Melby came in third in the 1948 "Mr. America" contest. Melby perfected a "cobra twist", often clamping on this abdominal stretch before his match was a minute old. The Canadian Angel (Jack Rush), Danny Pleches, Al Williams, Bobby Nelson, Gypsy Joe, Rudy Kay, Chris Zaharias, and Ivan Rasputin were all Chicago victims of the native of Salt Lake City, Utah.

#3 - Pat O'Connor was adept at a large variety of wrestling holds, including a most potent dropkick. The newcomer from New Zealand defeated Tiny Mills, Reb Russell, Dirty Dick Raines, Johnny Moochy, Firpo Zbyszko, Bobby Nelson, Danny Pleches, Chest Bernard, and the Mighty Atlas.

2 - Hans Schmidt was as successful with violence and villainy as O'Connor was with science and skill. Hans' backbreaker maneuver, where he would pick up his weakened opponent and slam him down on his knee, usually brought him victory. The fact that Schmidt sometimes continued to punish his victim caused him to lose those matches by disqualification. Since there was no match between O'Connor and Schmidt in Chicago in 1952, and Hans' losses to the world champion and #1 challenger were by disqualification, he was given the number two position. Juan Hernandez, Jack Britton, Balk Estes, Zack Malkov, Freddie Blassie, Sonny Myers, and the Mighty Atlas all lost to the Teuton Terror.

#1 - Verne Gagne was awar ded the Police Gazette magazine award and silver belt for his clean and scientific wrestling during 1951. Verne, usually winning with his "sleeper", beat The Great Togo, the Mighty Atlas, Friederich Von Schacht, Ivan Kameroff, Bulldog Danny Pleches, Chest Bernard, Reggie Lisowski, Ivan Rasputin, Bob Orton, and Bill Melby. Gagne also wrestled to hour draws with N.W.A. Champion Lou Thesz on the first (January 25) and last (December 12) shows at the International Amphitheatre.

Besides 52 Saturday shows at Marigold Arena and 7 Friday cards at the Amphitheatre, Fred Kohler promoted a June 27th card at Wrigley Field. Carl Engstrom wrestled to a draw with Billy Goelz, Bill Longson, Walter Palmer & Ronnie Etchison won a 6-man tag bout from Atlas, Rasputin & the Great Togo, while Gagne beat Schmidt and Thesz beat O'Connor.

August 22, Gagne and O'Connor's sixty minute main event went the entire hour with Verne winning the only fall.

MIKE DI BIASE—A corn-country boy who did his college grappling at the University of Nebraska . . . was Big Seven Conference champ before entering the pro game.

JACK DILLON—One of the roughest of all . . . It has frequently been said that Irish Jack must use a blackjack . . . Once, somehow, a blackjack did appear in his hand, all of a sudden, during a match . . . He used it on his rival—and the referee . . . However, disqualification, while not pleasant, never has fazed "The Tennessee Hillbilly," who uses the pile-driver maneuver with devastating effect, because of his advantageous (6-foot-3) height.

ILIO DI PAOLO—23-year-old native of Introdacana, Italy . . . conquered a boyhood siege of infantile paralysis and a leg injury as a boxer before getting into the mat game three years ago . . . Won the European championship before coming to the U. S. in mid-1951.

PIERRE DORCY—Flashy 210-pound Frenchman from Normandy . . . Came to the United States in the spring of 1951.

ANDRE DRAPP—Another fancy Frenchman . . . Has an almost perfect body, which won him the title of "Mr. Europe" . . . This, together with curly hair and handsome features, make it necessary for gendarmes to keep gasping women from virtually smothering him . . . A strict-training athlete, he holds his weight at 215 by taking nothing stronger than fruit and milk.

GENE DUBUQUE—Another Adonis of the mat, this 25-year old Navy vet won the best-build title of "Mr. N. Y." in 1948 . . . Attended Springfield (Mass.) College before turning to the mat game three years ago.

DUSEK BROTHERS—Rudy has retired to wrestling promotion and Joe spends most of his time handling the family's fishery, but the "Riot Squad" still rolls on. Although both are over 40, Ernie and Emil, of the original quartet, carry on mayhem as in the days when the Duseks were accused of miscellaneous sock-em tactics . . . With them still is their big cousin Wally (Charles Santon), a "youngster" of 15 years on the mat (Ernie and Emil represent a half-century of pro wrestling). Lately, they've been joined by a still younger nephew, Dick (of whom more later) . . . Skilled in Greco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can grappling—but the more pier six they can make it, the more fun they have. Ernie still clears $30,000 a year from wrestling. Wally got into the act several years ago, when Emil was in an auto accident . . . An airplane pilot, Wally's best hold is, naturally, the airplane spin.

RICHARD DUSEK—The 24-year old latest member of the Dusek "riot squad" . . . Unlike his uncles, who specialize in rough stuff, Richie depends upon speed and science . . . He comes out of Omaha, Neb., like the rest of the riot squad.

RONNIE ETCHISON—A cool campaigner from Missouri . . . Skyrocketed to prominence by winning the Pacific Coast championship in March 1951.

DON EVANS—An up-state New York farmer . . . Evans claims that 500 of his 1,500 opponents needed medical attention—and 300 went to the hospital . . . Don The Magnificent, a veteran of 15 years in the game, was an orthodox workman, until he suffered a broken leg in a match with Bobby Managoff . . . After that, he trotted out all the back-alley stuff.

FAIETTA BROTHERS (EDDIE AND TONY)—Frequently wrestle as "Gardenia Brothers," entering ring with gardenias over their ears . . . These Steubenville, Ohio, huskies are one of the really dangerous tag teams . . . Eddie served as a boxing sparring partner and a ballroom bouncer before he got into wrestling . . . Tony, at 218 pounds, is 17 lighter than Eddie, relies more on speed.

Jake's Juggernauts

By Jack Miley

Collier's for October 22, 1938

For many years Jake Pfeffer has been preaching that wrestling is strictly phony. That's strange advice, coming as it does from a promoter who is up to his ears in wrestlers—and such wrestlers! Have a look at Jake's stable of giants

JAKE (HASSEN) PFEFFER is a weary wanderer from Warsaw who came through Ellis Island twenty years ago as a humble spear carrier for Pavlova and wound up as the self-styled Ziegfeld of our wrestling promoters. At least, that is the modest manner in which Jake describes himself today, but jealous rivals declare he is a mountebank and the Minsky of the mat.

Jake admits the first charge without argument, but insists he combines the best features of Rickard, Barnum and Belasco. His wrestlers are phonier than $7 bills and he has never been connected with a "shooting match"—the trade lingo for a bout that is on the level—in his life, Jake cheerfully confesses, but he will fight the man, big or small, who hints that he isn't an artist to his finger tips.

Pfeffer bosses a stable of grapplers who look and sound like old-home week in the Chicago stockyards. He rents out these grunters by the pound, just like your butcher sells frankfurters, and he ships them to every state in the Union, with a few odd batches now and then to Canada and Mexico. He will send you a ton of assorted groaners for as little as $10 or $12, plus cartage, if you can't pay more. Nearly every wrestling club in America uses Pfeffer pachyderms and Jake has what amounts to a monopoly —or should I say a strangle hold?—on the matmen.

Jake is a jittery little gent with one of those William Jennings Bryan bird's-nest haircuts that went out of style with the Scopes monkey trial. Only one other citizen has a coiffure like it—Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. And, like Pfeffer, the judge is a dictator in his sport. Jake wears his trousers pulled up under his armpits, a wilted white carnation is always in the lapel of his flashy Broadway ensemble, and his heels are elevated like a stilt walker's to give him a semblance of height—about five feet, net, with his hat on.

The great impresario of the grimacers always carries a silver-knobbed cane, which he clutches amidships, like a pole vaulter about to take off. Jake also uses this malacca to threaten wrestlers who ask him for money in sums greater than $2. Pfeffer's accent is indescribable. When his jumbled and heavily accented oratory is in full flow, which is most of the time, he sounds like George Arliss being put through a concrete mixer.

"If wrestling is on the square," Jake tells you, "then so is a full moon!" But when you pry into his trade secrets or seek details of his racket he is likely to become very elusive.

Pfeffer's rookery on the tenth floor of the Times Building, at 42d Street and Broadway, a spot that somebody once called—appropriately enough in Jake's case—the double-cross roads of the world, looks like a combination of the Eden Musee and the Bronx Park Zoo. The promoter's private offices are decorated in a color scheme of bright red and gold and resemble more than anything else a pack of firecrackers; so much so, in fact, that one punch-drunk wrestler was heard to remark, "I'd hate to be in this joint when it goes off!"

The lowing of the kine is audible, if not deafening, the moment you enter Jake's joint. These oink-oinks and other strange and guttural sounds come from an adjoining chamber. You enter a hermetically sealed, smoke-filled room and this is where Pfeffer tethers his stock. Seated around tables and playing cards, stretched out snoozing on couches, pacing the newspaper-strewn floor and muttering unintelligibly to themselves are the athletes. They are there from dawn until dusk and each man has his battered bag of ring togs, or working tools, within easy reach. They never know, you see, when a phone call from Paterson, Passaic, Bridgeport, Hartford, Harrisburg or New Rochelle will arrive with the command: "Send me a dozen assorted wrestlers!"

The boys in the back room are a fierce-looking lot. One bone crusher, who calls himself King Kong, has a bristling black beard that conceals his cravat, if any. Another has no neck; his head just squats on his shoulders. A third, Martin Levy, weighs 635 pounds and is a fugitive from a Coney Island side show. He is so big that Pfeffer transports him on a truck. "The trains don't want him," he explains, "and say I should ship him in a baggage car. Levy is my glandular champ and doctors marvel at him. Some night he'll drop dead in a ring, God forbid! He can't wrestle a lick, but nobody can knock him off his feet. When he does hit the floor, he loses, because he can't get up without help."

It's the Artist in Him

One shabby, flabby fellow shuffles over to Jake and croaks hoarsely into his ear. Pfeffer raises his cane in an angry gesture and the supplicant cringes. "Bum!" screams this midget mahout of the herd. "Money you want—always money! Food you need—always food! Only yesterday I gave you a dollar—where did you eat, at the Ritz? When you wrestle again, you get money—until then, starve! I don't want you should get indigestion pains, maybe, from stuffing yourself!" Pfeffer slams the door and stalks out, flinging over his shoulder the admonition: "Quiet, tramps! Neighbors say I keep animals in here! Sometimes I think they're right!"

Then the artist in Jake crops out. He vanishes into a dressing room and comes back wearing a Russian blouse. He picks up an ivory cigarette holder as big as a bean blower. He is almost lost in a big leather desk chair as he strikes his Rodin's "Thinker" pose. He hums a tune from "Boris Godunov." Then he sighs: "Ah, to be away from these lousy palookas, these gorillas, these hoodlums! They drive me crazy, sometimes, I tell you! Money they want—food, lodging! Am I Rockefeller or Morgan—me, Jake Pfeffer? I have got, I tell you, a job for an animal trainer! I should turn these freaks over to Ringling and forget the whole mess!"

Then the master of the hounds starts reminiscing about his theatrical career. "When I played piano for Pavlova"—he begins. "Wait a minute, Jake. I know guys who knew you when you came to this country in that Russian troupe. You were a stagehand who doubled as spear toter," the dreamer is reminded.

"I know, but I played piano, too," Pfeffer admits sheepishly. "But I was a lousy piano player," he adds, "just like them bum wrestlers!" Jake shudders when he is reminded of a grandiose claim that he once managed Chaliapin.

"The Russian said he didn't know you," Pfeffer is challenged.

"Well, I didn't know him, either," Jake admits, "so that made us even, eh?"

SUBSCRIBE!

SCREWJOB FINISH, a 20 to 25 page fanzine, is available for $2.50 per single issue or $12.00 for a six issue subscription. It is published on an extremely irregular basis, although I hope to put it out quarterly. Send cash or check made out to V. STANLEY to:

PO Box 176 Lafayette, IN 47902-0176

THIS ARTICLE GRACIOUSLY SUBMITTED BY EDDIE GOLDMAN

Guaranteed to be Phony

Now for Jake's gladiators. He has sixty or more on his books. "A few of them can wrestle," Pfeffer admits, "but I don't hold that against 'em. They don't have to. Everybody these days knows that wrestling is strictly a phony. I've been trying to tell the public that for years. Other promoters have been humbugging the customers, but not me—I'm honest! This wrestling racket has more angles than a Chinese pagoda. But it isn't sport; it is show business. I'm not an athletic promoter; I'm a theatrical man. Like Ziegfeld or the Shuberts maybe. I don't tell people my wrestling shows are on the level; I guarantee them they're not. I've never seen an honest wrestling bout in my twenty years in the game. Maybe there was one, but I wasn't there. And I'd hate to see one; it'd be an awful thing!

"My fellows are tumblers, acrobats, like circus performers. They throw each other around, up in the air, out of the ring. They land on concrete floors or spectators' laps. But they seldom get hurt, and when they do it is an accident. They have rehearsed how to take those falls, y'understand, and they do it nearly every night in the week. Once in a while a wrestler gets busted up, but it is usually in an automobile accident or something. They dive at each other and knock themselves dizzy—but not too dizzy.

"Freaks I love and they're my specialty. I am very proud of some of my monstrosities. You can't get a dollar with a normal-looking guy, no matter how good he can wrestle. Those birds with shaved, egg-shaped heads, handlebar mustaches, tattooed bodies, big stomachs—they're for me! Dopes who wear Turkish fezzes and carry prayer rugs into the ring with them, kurdled Kurds, bouncing Czechs—all those foreign novelties I import for my stable. I've got college football players, too, but they're not so good—they want money. I guess those schools spoiled 'em. None of these atrocities of mine can find their way out of a phone booth or sock their way out of a cellophane sack, but that's not important. I teach 'em their routines and ship 'em out. The suckers think they're hot stuff—haw!"

Keeping the Bums Confused

The way to handle a wrestler, says Jake—who is unmarried—is the way to handle a wife. "You get 'em young, treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing!" is his recipe. "One day I yell at 'em and threaten to knock their brains out, if any," he says of his herd. "Next day I give 'em money, baby 'em and tell 'em they're terrific. That way I keep the bums confused. They don't know whether they're coming or going, the loafers—and neither do I!"

Jake is the creator of many innovations in his chosen branch of theatricals. You've seen two blubbery behemoths stand toe-to-toe on the canvas and club each other with heavy forearms until the crimson drips from their snoots?

Well, this pseudo mayhem is effected by the Pfeffer carmine capsule, a gadget no headlock Thespian would be without. A capsule filled with beet juice is secreted behind the grappler's lower lip. He gets boffed on the biscuit, the phony gore drips down his chin and faint-hearted patrons yell for a cessation of the slaughter.

The maestro is the inventor of sneezing and itch powder, too. A wrestler carries a cache of this stuff in the belt of his trunks. When his pantomime palls and the ringsiders yawn, he ups and throws sneezing powder into his foeman's face or rubs the cow-itch preparation on his perspiring hide. This is usually good for a laugh and there's no harm done.

Nothing But Honesty

Years ago Jake had a couple of canvas-backed palookas who were pickpockets in their spare time. They were playing a theater in a little Indiana town. "I noticed one bum picked up his pal and tossed him into a stage box," Pfeffer recalls. "When the guy crawled back, I heard the pitcher ask: 'Did you get it?' The guy who'd been heaved asked: 'Get what?' The first fellow said: 'That sparkler, you squarehead. I'm going to peg you in there again, and this time you get it, see?' I looked into the box. A big, fat saloonkeeper was sitting there. He had a diamond in his necktie the size of a locomotive headlight.

"Sure enough, they tried the stunt a minute later. This time it was perfect, the fat fellow caught the wrestler in his lap and they both fell on the floor. When the wrestler climbed back over the footlights he had that chump's sparkler, but I made him give it back, for I believe in keeping our sport on a high plane. Those birds weren't honest, so I fired 'em. Fellows like that give wrestling a bad name!"

Jake's greatest asset is his high nuisance value. For years he tried to crash the wrestling trust, but those in charge of our nationwide mat circuit would have no truck with him. So Jake stood on street corners and shouted to the heavens that they were burglars, highway robbers, frauds, humbugs and bamboozlers of the deepest dye. Finally he made so much noise that the big shots who control the racket decided to admit him and cut him in on their profits as a price for his silence. They did this reluctantly, though, and every once in a while they give him the old heave-o from their councils—but not for long. The various state athletic commissions that are empowered to regulate wrestling are always on Pfeffer's trail. The New York State solons are his sworn enemies. He is always being chased by irate officials who seek his scalp.

Jake once went before the New York commissioners and swore on record that he was a phony, so far as honest tugging and mauling is concerned. This irked the mat moguls, but there was nothing they could do about it, except order him banned from all sports centers where his mimes are mugging. So Jake clambers along fire escapes, sneaks in stage doors in overall disguises and slides down coal chutes to see his artists emote—and, incidentally, to collect their pay. He once provided a dozen wrestlers for $12 at a Brooklyn club whose box office held only $15 when the curtain rose. Even this didn't discourage him. "There was no profiteering," he admits, "but it could have been worse—we all made a buck!"

JACK PFEFER

The Great Master of The Wrestling World Presents His latest Stars of Today

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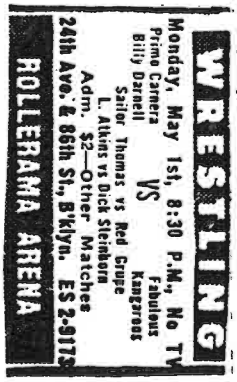
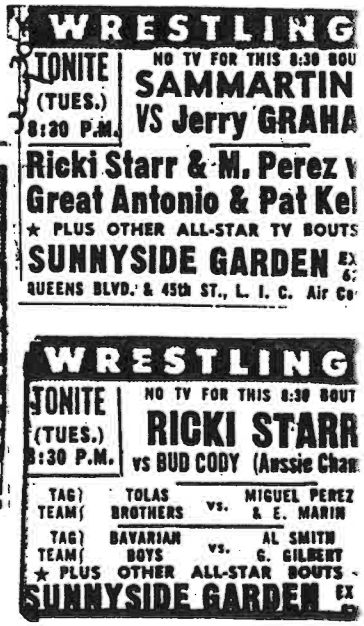
CLIPPINGS CORNER!!! NYC





WRESTLING CHATTERBOX
GEORGIANN MAKROPOULOS
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$2.50 per issue

THE SWEET DADDY SIKI INTERVIEW
BY: EVAN GINZBURG

EG: Who or what inspired you to become a wrestler and how did you break into the business?

SS: Well, actually I was born in Texas but I was raised in L.A. and I remember watching my first matches on TV, but before that I was going to become a fighter. I was in training already, and as I said after seeing the matches on TV, I decided then to try to become a wrestler.

EG: Where did you train? Who did you train with?

SS: Well, I went to Sandor Szabor. He had a wrestling school in Santa Monica, Ca. and I was trained by Ray Ortega, because Ray was his trainer at the time. As you know, Sandor Szabor was the World's Heavyweight Champion at that time.

EG: Why did you choose wrestling over boxing at that time?

SS: Because you could last a whole lot longer in the day as a wrestler than a fighter. I used to watch Argentina Rocca and people like that; Nature Boy Buddy Rogers, The Black Panther- Jim Mitchell, Woody Strode, Don Lewin and Ali Bey. I remember seeing people like that on TV and I was so amazed. That's what I wanted to become. A couple of weeks later I went to see one of the wrestling matches and that was when I was sure it was what I wanted to be.

EG: This was in L.A.?

SS: Yes.

EG: Tell us of some of the legends you worked with and your impressions of them in and out of the ring.

SS: Well I wrestled Nature Boy Buddy Rogers and never thought that would come- wrestled him for the Eastern Heavyweight Championship belt. It was in Ohio and I won the match and captured the championship. As you know, Rogers later became world champion and he was a great champion. I wrestled people like Lou Thesz. I figured he was about the toughest man I ever stepped in the ring with. Nature Boy Buddy Rogers was probably second. If not, he was first. Buddy Rodgers always kept himself in tip-top condition. A lot of fighters say Ali was their idol. Well, the Nature Boy was my idol.

EG: Would you ever consider making a comeback as Rogers had recently planned to do?

SS: Of course! You see, I wrestled until 1987. I wrestled in Grand Prix Wrestling in Montreal. I'm still in pretty good shape- between 250 and 260. To get back in the ring though, I'd have to train about 2 months.

EG: Tell us about your successful tag team with Bearcat Wright.

SS: Well, Bearcat Wright was a good wrestler and there hasn't been anyone since then who could wrestle like him because he wrestled like his name- like a CAT!

EG: Readers always send in whatever happened to questions. Whatever happened to Bearcat?

SS: Well, Bearcat died about 15 years ago and Art Sailor Thomas is in Madison, Wisconsin. I talked to him a couple of years ago. Last year I phoned Buddy Rogers. I hadn't spoken to him in about 30 years! He was so surprised to hear from me! It was a pleasure for me to talk to him. I remember at one time he had a wrestling jacket- that jacket was made by a manager of his at one time- Jack Pffefer. I got to meet Jack Pffefer, who is dead now, and he made this jacket which I still have- it's one of my prized possessions. Let me say this too- as I was talking to Buddy I asked him, "Of all the wrestlers whoare wrestling today, who is wrestling your style?" And I said, "I know, because I've been on cards with this particular wrestler and I think he's tops today." And he said, "Ric Flair." That's true.

EG: The 50's and 60's were a turbulent time of great social change and struggle. Was it hard being a Black athlete having to travel nationwide, and do you feel the promoters treated you equally?

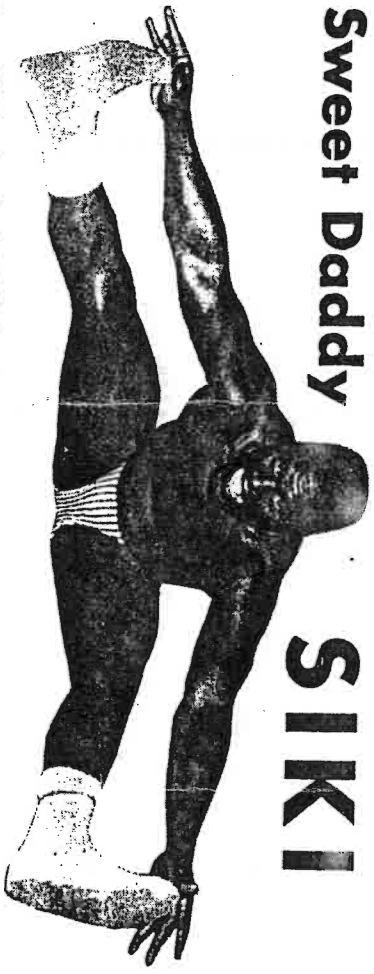
SS: That's a very hard question to answer. I'm not the type of person who complained. I travelled throughout the U.S. and the few problems I ran into I don't think I had to be Black to run into these problems. It was just those times. You know, it's real hard for me to talk about these problems as it would take me probably 4-5 days to talk about it, because I could talk about Martin Luther King and people like that, but thank God things are different today.

EG: Later in your career you wore wild psychedelic garb and died your hair outrageous colors. How and why did this change come about?

SS: (Laughs) I was wrestling for N.Y., which is WWF now, but I wrestled for them before it became the WWF. I was wrestling for Vince McMahon Sr. And I remember I had wrestled there for quite a while, and I wanted to come wrestle in Canada. And I said- "You know what I'm going to do?" They said "What Sweet Daddy?" I was always known to do things nobody else would do and I said, "I'm going to bleach my hair blonde!" And they didn't believe me. Before I left N.Y. that's exactly what I did and this is no lie-I stopped traffic!!! I can always remember this because I never saw anything like this in N.Y.! Traffic stopped and everyone looked at me! A couple of cars hit one another in the back! Looking at me! (laughs) Well, that was 1961!

EG: And you stayed that way ever since...

MAIN-EVENT
CHARLOTTE COLISEUM - NOV. 14, 1960
"THE BRUTE Versus THE GREAT BOLO
SEMI-FINAL
SOUTHERN TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP
GYPSY JOE and LOUIS TILLET versus RAY VILLMER and JACK CURTIS, JR.
COLORED MATCH
WILLIE LOVE versus SWEET DADDY SIKI
SPECIAL-EVENT
IKE EAKINS versus HAYSTACK CALHOUN
PRELIMINARY
SANDY SCOTT versus GEORGE BECKER
PRELIMINARY
5 GIRLS WRESTLE ROYAL
JUDY GRABLE RITA CORTEZ PEGGY ALLEN
MARGIE RAMSEY LADY ANGEL
OPENING BOUT
JACK TERRY versus BOB NANDOR



Sweet Daddy SIKI

"... Without a doubt 1960 is the greatest year I've ever enjoyed in pro-wrestling. Why? First and foremost is the fact I was able to team up with my long-time friend, Bearcat Wright, in a series of tag bouts in Chicago and Washington, D. C. I feel the 'Cat' and I have a good chance to win the world tag title in 1961."

Wrestling- Then & Now is published monthly and is Copyright 1992 by Evan Ginzburg. Subscriptions are $15/Yr and $7.50/6 months. Single sample issues are $1.25. All back issues are available at $1.25 issue. Overseas add $1 per issue and make all payments in U.S. funds. All checks should be made to Evan Ginzburg.

SS: Yeah...I have travelled to many different countries and I've seen lots of Black people with blond hair now and I've always attributed that to people trying to copy Sweet Daddy! (laughs)

EG: In later years Butch Reed came out with blond hair and Master Gee-George Welles dyed their hair blonde as well- how do your feel about these guys imitating you?

SS: Well, you know, I always say a copy is never as good as the original and I am the original Mr. Irresistible, Sweet Daddy Siki! Now, I know all these people tried to copy me, and I wouldn't mind if they were half as good as me! I've been like this since 1961 and I hold the record over people who aren't even my color who bleached their hair, but I was blessed with a thick head of hair!

EG: Tell us about some of the territories you've worked for.

SS: Well, I pretty much wrestled all over the U.S., Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Korea and throughout the islands. And I was scheduled to go to England, but I was putting it off, putting it off and I never got to go to England. And I'm sorry I didn't.

EG: Tell us about your interest in art and music.

SS: All right- 1967 I cut my album. But in 1960, 1961 I cut my first singles. I have 4 albums out as of today- I've had several kinds- Country Western, Rock and Roll, Rhythm and Blues- because I can sing pretty well anything. I travelled, played club dates and whatever up until 1990. Then I decided to get out of the music business because let's face it- I've had some good bands and some lousy bands and I'm not saying that everybody in music had the type of people I had. Let's put it this way- I had some people who were into drugs and I decided to get out of that rat race. Why should I have someone who comes in the band who's into something like that? I built my name up. I've never been in trouble. I've never gone to jail. I don't take drugs- I don't even drink. I don't smoke! Why should I have someone with me who in 6 months will bring my name down? So I got into being a disc jockey because I enjoy it- I love all kinds of music. That's what I'm doing now.

EG: You're disc jockeying in Toronto?

SS: Well, actually I'm all over the place now- you'll see my name in the paper- let's put it that way. I do weddings and dances and hotels and what not.

EG: The albums you put out were all country?

SS: The first 2 were all country. The last two I mixed with Rock and Roll. They're available at Sam The Record Man in Toronto or more old record stores.

EG: How do you feel about some of the changes in the business the past few years?

SS: Well, let's put it that way...You know, the wrestlers today are in good shape. I admire these fellows. They work out, you can tell by the bodies they have. I give them all the credit in the world. But I'm disappointed in the fact that 15 years ago all the wrestlers would have to do is pick up the phone and ask a promoter if he could use you. If the promoter knows your reputation he'd ask, "When would you like to come in?" And he'd give you a date. Today you can't do that because there aren't any promoters. There's only 2 name promoters and a lot of good wrestlers can't get work. And the reason they can't get work is somebody has just put the other promoter out of business. And I think that's one of the worst things that could happen and the only person I knew that tried that was Caesar! And everyone knows what happened to him! I don't have to call in the names- the wrestlers know what I'm talking about and it's a damn shame things are like this now. We have good wrestlers right here in Canada who can't get work! Why? Because of that. There's so many obstacles if a promoter wants to start here because somebody has all the money and it's too expensive to promote. It's a big problem and it's a shame it's that way and I never thought it would be this way, but you know, somebody who tries to be greedy will fall one day- you meet the same people on the way down that you stepped on on the way up. It's horrible now...

EG: This brings up the subject of young talent. The Sweet Daddy Siki/Ron Hutchison Pro Wrestling Training School has gotten much media attention in Canada. Tell us about your school and your training philosophies. How is this facility different from other schools?

SS: Well, because first of all we teach the basics. As I said before I give the wrestlers that you're watching today lots of credit. I really do. Because they're in shape and they know how to wrestle. But it seems to me when you watch TV, the people in the audience and the viewers, 90% of the time they don't even know the rules. They've gotten away from the referee calling the two wrestlers in the middle of the ring and telling them "Twenty on the outside, ten on the apron, five to break a hold." All they're concerned about is "Boom, boom, boom!" wrestlers flying all over the place. It's ok to fly but before you fly make sure the wrestlers know the rules and the public too. To teach them, show them the rules of the game. This is what I hate. First thing I see is a guy jumps in the ring- the fellow comes and they don't say anything. The fans just don't know what they're doing in there. We teach the basics here- how to wrestle out here grab a hold. We do teach you how to fly as well, but we teach you everything else. We don't bring people in here for a 6 week sweat shop course. We've had people in here for 3 years. I'll take normally 5-6 months, but we don't let them out of here until they learn their art. As you know, you can't learn everything in a gym, because they got to get out there. A lot of the fellows watch the TV- they figure once they get out of here they can jump right on one of those big major companies and I say no- you have to crawl before you walk. If there were more small promoters in Canada, guys we train could get more experience before they can conquer the big leagues.

COMISKEY PARK COLOSSAL

FRIDAY NITE ★ ★ ★ SEPTEMBER 16, 196

IN CASE OF POSTPONEMENT DUE TO RAIN MATCHES WILL BE HELD SEPT. 17

BEARCAT WRIGHT vs "KILLER" KOWALSKI
THIS IS PURE DYNAMITE
2 out of 3 falls, 60 minute limit

HAYSTACKS CALHOUN vs BUDDY ROGERS
601 pounds — U. S. Champion
1 fall, 60 minute limit

TAG MATCH
THE FABULOUS KANGAROOS
vs
LOU and RED BASTIEN
2 out of 3 falls, 45 minute limit

★ SENSATIONAL ADDED ALL-STAR EVENT ★
EDOUARD CARPENTIER vs FRANKIE GABOR
1 fall, 30 minute limit

JOHNNY GABOR vs SWEET DADDY SIKI
1 fall, 30 minute limit

EDDIE GRAHAM vs ARNOLD SKOALAND
1 fall, 30 minute limit

KARL KRAUSER vs LARRY MOQUIN
1 fall, 30 minute limit

SKULL MURPHY vs CHIEF BIG HEART
1 fall, 30 minute limit

Special thanks to Danny Bagliore of 2722 E 26th St. Bklyn., N.Y. 11235 for submitting the materials above. He is looking for videos of wrestling from the early 80's- particularly WWF. Help this good man out & remember to submit your nostalgia clips to WT&N for an appreciative readership!

TIME LIMIT MATCHES

Wahoo Mc Daniel **vs** **Waldo** Von Erich

Cowboy Bill Watts **vs** Gorilla Monsoon

Sweet Daddy Siki **vs** Smasher Sloane

Don McClarity **vs** Great Malenko

Kenny Ackles **vs** Mag. Maurice

Arnold Skaaland **vs** Tony Newberry

1967 NYC

Promoter ..... "WHITEY CARLSON
Announcer ..... JACK E. LEE
Sound Technician ..... GEORGE NAVE
Time Keeper ..... OSKAR FRONEIN

(WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO CHANGE THE ORDER OF EVENTS)

PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE. The Promoter is not responsible if contestants fail to appear in ring because of conditions beyond our control.

INTERVIEW CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE...

EG: Why did you settle in Toronto?

SS: Well, seeing Toronto here, back in '61, I fell in love with Canada. Now, just because I fell in love with Canada, it doesn't mean I don't love the U.S. as well- I do- I was born there. I found that, let's put it this way- (laughs) I found a young lady here that I love. I have two sons- both musicians as well- played in my band. One's a drummer and one's a bass player, a singer, but their hearts are in heavy metal! Figured though they'd play a bit with "old dad!" Then the oldest son went back to school. He wants to be a movie producer- he's into film, video, photography and computers and he's also edited movies. He wants to take computer animation. The other son has a job and we want to get him back in the gym. We were training him to wrestle. They're both practicing in two different bands.

EG: I'll give you a list of names. Can you give us a slight capsule observation how you thought of them as wrestlers or even human beings? Vince McMahon, Sr...

SS: I will say he always treated me right. Treated me nice. He made me money. I respected him and I'm sure he respected me.

EG: Ric Flair...

SS: I think Ric is the best wrestler on two feet. I admire him not only because of me watching him on TV- we wrestled on several cards together against different opponents- and I saw him get in the ring for sixty, ninety minutes. Like the wrestlers of the old days. And he was moving all the time- always moving. Holds, wrestling. No doubt he is the best.

EG: Hulk Hogan...

SS: Hulk is a good wrestler. I can't knock him- because you can't knock success.

EG: Who was the promoter you most respected, Frank Tunney in Toronto- Emile Dupree in the Maritimes- Vince McMahon in New York or the promoter at the time that gave you your big break?

SS: Tony Olivas was my first promoter. Of course I starved- which is why I say you have to crawl before you walk. I remember I used to go behind bakeries and dig in the garbage can. They threw pies there. They were mildewed- I used to eat the pies. I remember driving down the highway with another wrestler- this was New Mexico/Arizona, and there's a lot of cars their would hit rabbits and I can really remember wishing and praying the next rabbit I would see would still be moving and I'd grab it and take it home and cook it. But when they got hit down there they die right away. I remember many days and nights I thought I'd starve- but I survived because I knew what I wanted to become- a successful wrestler. And it took me 3-4 years to get really going and I remember the second territory I went to was in Oregon- Don Owens. He treated me really nice. At that time Luther Lindsey and other top wrestlers were there. From there I went up Vancouver way and also around the other little town in Oregon I wrestled for a fellow named Harry Elliot.

EG: When did you get that big break?

SS: I remember around 1958 I went to L.A. and in L.A. I was on my way. I went from Ohio and from Ohio I went to N.Y. I also wrestled in Utah and all the other cities- Texas, all over. A couple of the promoters I really admire are Vince McMahon Sr. and Frank Tunney. Frank Tunney to me was one of the fairest promoters who ever lived. He was never too busy to talk to you. It really hurt me when he passed. Whipper Watson was not only a good wrestler, he was a gentleman. He did so much for the kids in Canada. I did a few benefits for Whipper Billy Watson. He devoted his life to the kids- even more so than his wrestling. And you have to admire someone like him. And the kids loved him. I meet so many people- grown ups- who still tell me how much they love Whipper Billy Watson.

EG: Tell us how you got the name Sweet Daddy.

SS: I used to go to the ring and ladies looked like they were day dreaming. And one lady yelled, "Sweet Daddy!" That was the only thing that got me embarrassed that first time. I wrestled there- Toronto- and several ladies were saying "Sweet Daddy! Sweet Daddy!" and then the announcer surprised me by saying "Ladies and Gentlemen weighing such and such pounds- Sweet Daddy Siki!" Oh my God! I was really embarassed! So I went along with the name. And I'll say this- later on I didn't think it was enough! So I added Mr. Irresistible, Sweet Daddy Siki. And you know once I added this, my name was on everybody's tongue! And I'll tell you, I love it! (laughs)

EG: How do promoters contact your wrestlers?

SS: Well, our guys can work once we let them out of here. We have some guys who are ready and some guys who will be ready soon. And we also have two young ladies that we trained here who wrestle just like men! They're good. We have a PO Box (**EDITOR'S NOTE: PO BOX 22523/300 COXWELL AVE./TORONTO, ONTARIO M4L 3W7**) and we're located at Sullie's Gym- 53 Frazier Ave. in Toronto (416-534-8723) if any of your readers want to come up. Like I say, we've had some guys go out and wrestle and some who are very close.

EG: Sweet Daddy, anything you'd like to add?

SS: Evan, I hope you keep in contact with us. Good luck to you. I wish we had more people like you that keep in contact with different wrestlers that wrestled years ago and cover the history of this business. I think there's a tendency these days to forget wrestling's history...

"IRON" MIKE EINHORN- THE SEXECUTIONER
(The Man Who Knows Wrestling Like The Palm Of His Hand)

ANY PART OF THIS COLUMN MAY BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT PERMISSION!!!

Hose yourselves off and strap yourself in...

My cousin just moved to Lynchburg, Virginia. Is that anywhere near TAR & FEATHERVILLE?

A Mother's Day gift subscription to WT&N comes with a side order of fries and cole slaw.

Hearing Randy Savage talk reminds me of a Buick idling. When I'm on a date two words come to mind: Champagne & Coltrane. Actually, sometimes for me to ask a woman out, I gotta get into a mental state like the Karate guys before they break the bricks!

When in L.A. (actually Sun Valley) check out: "Slammers" gym.

What we need in WT&N is more USA Today type "pie charts."

What's the best way to get blood stains out of drapes?

Evan Ginzburg, please pick up the white courtesy phone. And Evan, do me a favor: return the keg and pay the hookers.

Whenever I see Abdullah the Butcher I'm thinking: There's no light at the end of the tunnel for this guy. I get the feeling he's gonna grab the hunting rifle and clean house.

If masturbation is a crime, a lot of my friends ought to be on death row.

Some names of tag-teams I'd like to see:

1) Referee Killers
2) Fightin' Amish
3) Greasy Ferrets
4) The Ginzburg Brothers
5) Samoan Monks
6) Mutant Birthday Clowns

Some people fear the night because it liberates the other senses...

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I SINCERELY THANK EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU FOR YOUR INVOLVEMENT AND SUPPORT OF WT&N BUT DUE TO VOLUME OF MAIL IT IS SOMETIMES IMPOSSIBLE TO WRITE A PERSONAL THANK YOU TO ALL. PLEASE UNDERSTAND!

THANKS TO ALL WHO ANSWERED THE READERS' POLL THAT I MAILED TO ALL WHO PURCHASED THE ANNUAL! YOUR COMMENTS AND CRITICISMS WILL APPEAR IN UPCOMING LETTER COLUMNS.

WT&N IS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR INTERVIEWS WITH VETERAN WRESTLERS! USE YOUR CONTACTS FOR AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE AND SUBMIT INTERVIEWS TODAY!

I AM ALWAYS INTERESTED IN YOUR MAT MEMORIES! SEND THEM IN FOR PUBLICATION!

SHEET EDITORS- YOUR PUBLICATIONS WERE ALL PLUGGED IN THE ANNUAL! I HAVEN'TFORGOTTEN YOU. THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT!

CHRISTMAS CHAOS, INDEED BY DR. MICHAEL LANO

Christmas Chaos was the monicker for Gordon Scozari's noble AWF shows 12/14 in NJ and the 12/16 tv taping at Lowell, Mass. Gordon is perhaps one of the nicest, honest guys to ever promote. It was those qualities that several exploited, but the taping of 4 hours worth of television occured with many of the biggest names in the sport. Gordon not only paid for everyone's trans, rental cars, vans, hotel rooms, and additional bullshit that some workers pulled. I believe at 21, Gordon may be one of the youngest promoters of wrestling- and he and co-chair, Jim Quinlin worked extremely hard despite the odds. Eddie Gilbert had booked tv matches before no-shows and potential no-shows forced a total rewrite to the book. Ed is a friend, and am awaiting his return call for his side of the story since he was unable to fly up. Bob Backlund never showed, and Al Perez and BJ Haynes left Saturday's spot show, which featured many good matches. Gordon paid all the boys for the two gigs after Saturday's spot, which killed incentive to show up for tv 2 days later. More than half the guys decided, for whatever reasons, not to all stay together and ride to the HoJo hotel in Lowell, and stayed in the NY/NJ area later demanding more money for "their trouble" by 11:30 AM Monday or they wouldn't show. Sensing disaster I grabbed Dutch Mantell in the lobby at noon the 16th, and told him Eddie and Sonny weren't there, many of the boys might not be coming, and we needed to help Gordon out. We grabbed Pez Whatley and the Sheik and Dutch, Sheik, Pez and I re-booked the tv. Gordon and Sabu gave their thoughts too. We tried to include as many of the advertised matches, and I penciled in Sabu-Chris Candido who indeed had the best match of the 2 days. Gordon, in classy fashion, even flew up Nikita Koloff who was advertised, but indeed told GS that he was too injured to work. Nikita was to have beaten Orndorf with the help of Eddie's fire in the AWF title finals, but we instead had Paul beat Stan Lane for the title, then an interview Nikita challenge. For some reason at the arena, this was rewritten again, but Corny convinced Dutch wisely that Stan and Paul would have the best tourny match. With Sabu's ability, he could've been a great upset champ too. Once at beautiful Lowell Memorial Aud, which Titan has used, Pez took over as LRoom boss, and Dutch took charge of everything with the tv people- a veritable one man show. Besides being an excellant worker since '68, everyone should respect Dutch in putting together quality tv- and we saw his booking savvy at the B meeting. Dutch also comes across as one of the hero/witnesses in pressing for full investigation in the Brody murder, which he could not visually see because of the smokey glass, but Roberto Soto told him positively that Invader cut Brody. I will cover Dutch's 3 hour tale of Brody's death if anyone writes and requests it be printed, with Dutch's permission. Dutch nearly got killed several times for going right to the police and testifying with Tony Atlas. *

Promoter and worker, Mike "Norman" Shaw wanted to volunteer his help and got over as the biggest face of the night. John Arezzi kidded me about being co-booker, ring announcer, bell and time keeper, ring photog and mouthpiece managerfor Sheik and Sabu(Dr. Shariff- as in Omar Shariff was what we came up with. And yes, I am starting to laugh at myself as I did two interviews, one where Sheik ate and destroyed an expensive tie citing that I was some wealthy "Turkish"doc, (taking over where Ernie and Eddie had left off) and I told the fans they better, never, ever, yell "Gobble Gobble" at me. Jody Boynes, who I finally met, does a very fine New England Sheet, and we laughed at the over-exposure stuff I always get into.

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*MANTELL INTERVIEW IN WT&N '92 ANNUAL

CLASS ACT AWF AWARDS: To Gordon for having a vision and seeing it through. He tried to do this in the most professional manner, and despite being f'd by several, I never saw him lose his composure. Every worker should call and thank him, and many should apologize because they won't be booked back for the 1/24 taping. To Jim Quinlan- for getting the tv, and for 5 days of work without sleep. He was class too. To Jim Cornette and Stan Lane for flying in, despite the snowstorm, getting a car and finding the arena- blew me away. Jim Cornette is not only the best mouthpiece that has ever been in (and I've heard Red Berry, Ernie and everyone else) but a class worker, booker and human being. Ditto Stan. Mike Shaw and Sheik and Sabu for their unselfish efforts. Sheik got many of the boys together several times and paid for all their meals, and offered to give back his trans to Gordon to help regain every unused dollar possible. Once you get past his gruff exterior, he is a very good man who everyone wanted to have their picture taken with. Including Corny and Killer Kowalski. To Ricky Sexton-even tho you had a shitty ring- you hung in there till Gordon got there and didn't take it away since you hadn't been paid. Here's some things I learned thru an entertaining two shows, where if they get picked up- have tremendous potential: 1) never pay the boys until they've completed each individual show. That goes without saying. 2) Delegate. We had to jump in there because Gordon and Jim were overwhelmed, despite trying hard- there is often more work than a dozen guys can handle. 3) Mike Shaw and several of us thought of just bringing in names that will put butts in seats and in front of the tv- and then bring in ICW or Kowalski's guys- there are many great, unexposed guys right in the NorthEast. 4)Be cautious of the weather- since it was snowing-I was amazed there weren't more trans probs due to weather. All in all a learning experience, and although aptly named as Christmas Chaos, shit can shine, and be organized. Thank God for Dutch. And Chris Cruise, who despite not having the mikes there for playbyplay with either Corny or Dutch, took charge of most announcing and all the interview segs- he was amazin' and gets this year's best dressed awards!

A HISTORY OF THE VON ERICHS IN ST. LOUIS

Part Four - 1981 BY: DON GENE SMITH

When 1981 dawned, Ric Flair was the new NWA world champion. Of course everyone remembered David's earlier victory over Flair, so soon the stage would be set for a re-match.

Jan 1 - David & Rufus R. Jones faced Harley Race & Greg Valentine (This card marked Sam Muchnick's retirement after 36 very successful years in the wrestling business. The headline matches were Ken Patera v.s. Dick the Bruiser, and Ric Flair v.s. Dusty Rhodes).

Jan 23 - Big John Studd (formerly Chuck O' Connor) beat Kevin.

March 20 - Dick Murdoch & Von Raschke beat David & Pat O' Connor (Murdoch pinned O' Connor).

April 3 - Ric Flair beat David with the figure 4 leglock.

On April 24, Kerry made his Kiel debut as he teamed with David to defeat Pat and Mike Kelly. Then:

May 15 - Dick Murdoch & Von Raschke beat David & Kerry when Murdoch pinned David.

July 17 - Kerry, Dick the Bruiser, & Jack Brisco beat Dick Murdoch, J. J. Dillon & Ken Patera.

August 7 - David wrestled Rocky Johnson.
Kerry & Dick the Bruiser beat Von Raschke & Dick Murdoch.

September 11 - Harley Race got past Kerry.

October 2 - Kevin , David, and Kerry beat Greg Valentine, J. J. Dillon & John Valiant. This was the first and last time that all three Von Erich brothers teamed together in St. Louis.

Oct. 18 (t.v. airing date) - Kerry and Greg Valentine went to a double disqualification. Much was made of the fact that both men's fathers had conducted quite a feud in St. Louis during the sixties, a feud that now continued with the new generation.

November 6 - Kerry defeated Greg Valentine.

November 20 - Ric Flair successfully defended his NWA world title against David.

December 4 - Ken Patera retained the Missouri State Championship against Kerry.
David defeated Sergeant Slaughter.

BOBBY HEENAN GETS CALLED ON A BET...

WHAT CAN I SAY? IT'S BEEN MY WEEK...
NAITCH HAS WON THE STRAP-- THE DREAM OF A LIFETIME FULFILLED! MAYBE I'LL GO TRIP AN OLD LADY, OR...
JUST A MINUTE, BOBBY!
UH OH...
AS YOU RECALL, YOU MADE SOME RATHER "RASH" PROMISES TO ME IF FLAIR WON - NO?!
WELL, MAYBE I...
IT WAS JUST A BURST OF EMOTION!
A HEAT-OF-THE-MOMENT KIND OF THING...
SOMETHING ABOUT HOW IF FLAIR WON YOU'D "NEVER DO ANOTHER BAD THING!"
SHOOT! ALL RIGHT. I GUESS YOU GOT ME...
I GUESS I'LL GO BUY SOME NEW TAPE FOR JAMISON'S GLASSES OR SOMETHING...
THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN!*
*THE VOICE OF GOD WAS PLAYED BY OLDIE ANDERSON.
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